TO . Young Hards lisk, as many testify.

" My wife used only two bottles She was easily and quickly relieved; is now doing splendidly.— J. S. MORTON, Harlow, N. C.

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OLD TIME YACHTING,

Days When Owners Were Skippers as Well.

A STIFF BREEZE A DELIGHT.

Commodore Stevens the Founder of the Big Club.

IN EVERY WAY A TRUE OLD SALT.

It Was His Tacht America That Opened the Eyes of the British and Taught Them a Lesson or Two.

Some one has dubbed horse racing "the sport of kings," and yachting is as certainly the sport of the multo-millionaires, the men with the princely purses. Such names as Stevens, Vanderbilt, Gould and Bennett, mont and Morgan by their identity with this noble and elegant pastime have given emphasis to this fact. The founder of the New York Yacht Club-its first commodors -was J. C. Stevens, a man of large means perous ideas and liberal nature. Fortunate It was for any enterprise to have such a projector. He gave it push and established it with determination—the elements of all -worthy of the name. He had built his first boat himself in 1802, the Diver—his last yacht was the noted Maria, in striking contrast to the first, with a pennant waving 120 feet above the brine.

It was on board the Gimerack, owned by Stevens, that the first spar of the New York Yacht Club was laid in 1844. The number present was the lucky one of nine. These enthusiasts were William Edgar of the Cygnet, John C. Jay of the La Coquille, Hamilton Wilkes of the Spray, James Rogers of the Ida, George E. Rollins of the Petra, George L. Schuyler of the Dream, James M. Waterbury of the Minna, Louis A. Depaw of the Mist and J. C. Stevens of the Gimerack. The first cruise as a squadron, after the founding,

was to Newport by Long Island Sound. This was the seed and weak beginning of a club, which, to-day, has a thousand members, and whose burges is carried by over 300 yachts. Although to-day a prosperous organization, there was a time, in the cloudy financial era of 1876-7, when it was near going it was near going to pieces on the rocks; it was \$3,000 in debt, the interest of the members was lagging, no resources were in sight and the ciub was on the eve of dissolution. The result would have been disastrous to the sport if it had taken place, and the present splendor would never have been ob-

tained. Fortunately it weathered the gale. The first clubhouse was at Elysian . Hoboken, at a time when every owner navi-gated his own yeasel, when indulgence in the sport was in a hearty fashion, far from kid-glove order. The season began early and ended late, and the weather was, to a large extent, ignored. In other words, there was a hardy indifference to rough seas. The original founders are all dead and a new genera-

inal founders are all dead and a new generation, with new but not hardier ideas, is at
the helm—or rather, some are at the helm
while more are in the cabin.

The first regatta was held July 17, 1845,
on a course off the clubhouse to the southwest spit and return. It was won by the
schooner Cygnet. The cup was of silver and
was purchased with the entrance money.
Those were days of smaller pursas, smaller
vessels, but of not less enthusiasm than a
modern regatta excites.

vessels, but of not less enthusiasm than a modern regatta excites.

In 1861 the famed America took the cup from a fleet of fifteen of the best yachts of that day around the Isle of Wight. She was a hardy sailor, that loved the tosa and whistle of the gale, and sailed only the faster with the stiffening of the breeze. She was an eye-opener to the English. She was designed and built here by George Steers for Mr. Stevens and four of his friends. Her sails were of machine-made cotton, "laced," says George L. Watson, "to the booms as well as the gaffs and masts, the staysail being also laced to the boom. The result is that to-day all the racing yachts of England have cotton sails.

All yacht enthusiasts remember the ocean

that to-day all the racing yachts of lang-land have cotten sails.

All yacht enthusiasts remember the ocean race of 1856 under the regulation of the club between James Gorden Bennett's Hen-ristts, Pierre Lorillard's Vesta and the Fleetwing, owned by George and Franklin Oagood. The time was remarkable, consid-ering the build and size of the craft. The Scilly Islands were reached in 13 days 21 hours 56 minutes first by the Henrietta, who traversed 3,106 miles. The Fleetwing and the Venta came next in order, close up to the finish. They had been driven by fierce gales, heavy seas were encountered, and the trip



altogether one full of hazard and hair

Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgis and theuma-tism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was ter-ribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured

him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ili., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by D. J. Humphrey. tirely. Sold by D. J. Humphrey.

same one never thertehed sair as long as the rigging could stand the stress.

Another ocean race was that of the Dauntiuss, after Bennett had parted with her to the late Caldwell H. Colt, and the Coronet, in 1887, the latter owned by Mr. Bush. The fastest run was made by the Dauntless—228 nautical mise in 38 hours—the best up to that time. But the Coronet, a newer and superior craft, and having the advantage of size, carried off the victory, although the Dauntless did not lack backers. It is hardly necessary to say that the owner of the Dauntiess at the sportantan in every same of the

bauntless did not lack backers. It is hardly necessary to say that the owner of the Dauntless—a true sportamen in every sense of the word—was along with his craft. The stress of weather was terrible throughout the race, very tring to both boats, but there was no lagging on the part of eliber.

The club has several fine stations, large and well equipped with floats and landings, at Eay Ridge. Brooklyn: Twenty-second street, New York, and Whitestone. New London, Shelter Island, Newport and Vineyard Haven, for the use of members, with all convenient accessories. The club-house is at No. of Mailton avenue, where there is a "model room" of great value to the student of naval structure, besides all the other appointments requisite to a social rendesvous of the character which the New York club typifies.

The present commodore of the club is Edwin D. Morgan, a man of large financial resources, who owns a whole fiset of yachts and is not without distinction as a yachtsman. His famous craft Gloriana never suffered a defeat during her first season or the water. The present secretary is J. V. S. Oddie, a man of fine social quality and a true lover of the Seriae. Frank W. J. Hurst, the treasurer, has a blockado-running experience dating from the war.

George J. Gould became a member in 1881. His first boat was Fanita. Afterward he used Hildegarde for pleasure trips. Vigilant, the records of whose contexts are still frosh, is jointly owned by George and Howard Gould in the public mind.

The indications are that our "kin beyond the sea" will not have so easy a time when America enters the lists again. Defeat always teaches the vanquished, and this something will redound to our advandation marked and the something will redound to our advandable and the something will redound to our advandable of the past, and the something will redound to our advandable of the past, and the something will redound to our advandable of the past, and the something will redound to our advandable of the past of the caps of the caps of the caps of

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Other famous yacht owners are General Charles J. Paine, famous in connection with the designing of Volunteer and Mayflower, and Archibald Rogers, a lover of all kinds of sport, from yachting and ice racing to hunting in the wilderness. He began life in the Pacific Mail Service, and is the architect of his own fortune.

Among the club's honorary members are H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Mount Charles, the Earl of Dufferin, Baron Adolph de Rothschild, Sir Robert Peele, Prince Oscar of Sweden, Lord Dunraven and others.

A LIFELONG LONELINESS.

A bright, fresh May morning smiled upon me of the loveliest landscapes in nature, and revealed to the eye of a wandering young artist a picture of such exceeding beauty that he found it impossible to confine his attention to his canvas sufficiently long to produce the faintest semblance of the leveliness which reigned and revelled around him.

"What a grand effect," he mused, "Is produced on that magnificent amphitheater of hills by the sunrise purpling the rising mist as it ascends and imperceptibly mingles with the rose-colored clouds, while its base is wrapped in the cold blue tint which the stronger rays of the sun will presently disperse. If I could catch the hue of that many-tinted mist, and throw over it the soft dreamy haze which clothes the atmosphere, I should more



AN OMINOUS FAREWELL

raine—one more trial; such a scene must inspire the humblest artist." inspire the humblest artist."

He rearranged a small easel as he spoke, and proceeded to cover his palette with the choicest and most exquisite colors. But the glories of outre mer and carmine seemed so pale and faded before the inexpressible radiance of earth and ether, that long before he had finished laying on the dead coloring of his picture he threw it aside in despair.

"I must complete it," he said, "at some other time when the majesty of nature may not mock my humble efforts."

He arose, aud re-packing his paint-box

He arose, and, re-packing his paint-box, deposited it safely among the messy rocks, and sauntered slowly onward, to enjoy at least, if he could not imitate, the en-

at least, if he could not imitate, the en-chantments of nature. And truly he might well give up his heart to the passionate love of heauty which pervaded it; for the loveliness of that quiet valley was well calculated to gratify the intense desires of a mind thirsting for images of perfec-tion. Not only did the mountain tops and mist gleam with the golden sunlight, but every flower at his feet, every blade of grass displayed each its wealth of gem-like dew glittering with unrivalled colors. The plumed inrects swift and tree. The plumed inrects swift and free, Like golden boats on a sunny sea,

filled the scented air, and shed "their music of many murmurings" upon his path; and he was inclined to fancy that no new fea-ture could add beauty to the landscape around, when a sudden turn in the winding path convinced him of his error.

path ccavinced him of his error.

He had turned his back on the semi-circular range of hills, and emerged into a tract of country much more extensive, though still very broken. Huge masses of rock salt, covered with crystals, whose prismatic forms lent them a startling brilliancy, gleamed upon his sight, and the green sweep of land between was diversified by many small cottages built of the gray rock which abounded throughout the country. The marrow path bordered with vines and wild roses lured him on, until the sweet accents of a female voice broke upon his ear, and he found that his path would lead him to trespass upon the inclosure of a cottage which appeared to be one of the neatest and best arranged among them.

which appeared to be one of the neatest and best arranged among them.

The painter paused, and his eye (that morning destined to agreeable surprises) readily discovered a group about the door, which immediately called out his pencil and pocket portfolio. A very bright-eyed child had thrown his chubby little arms around his father's neck and seemed resolved upon detaining him from his day's labor; while the young wife, with eyes and lips scarcely less bright than those of the child, vainly endeavored to attract the infant with the most enticing toys. At length the father succeeded in unclasping the dimpled hands, and placing the baby on the floor; but the child still endeavored to detain him by holding the skirts of his coat.

"Philip seems determined that you shall not go te-day," said the young woman; "perchaps there is a meaning in his warning."

"If I listened to all your signs and warn-ings I should very seldom leave you," re-plied the husband. "I must go, and that quickly, in spite of my persevering little

"But you will come back very soon?"

"I cannot even promise that," replied the miner; for the husband was a laborer in the extensive salt mines, whose crystallizations produce so beautiful an effect in the distance. "We have a tremendous piece of work before us to-day, and there is no telling when it will be finished."

"Would to God it were safely over."

"Don't look so pale and frightened, Mary; worse jobs are done every day—but there

St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure

were generally forgotten—treasured only in
the heart of that desolate and decrepit old
creature.

"Youth and beauty and love, I said, and
you marveled at hearing such words from
my lips, no wonder, for many a year has
passed since these things have been aught
to me save idle dreama. But the time has
been when I, too, was young—loving and
loved—blessing and blessed. My brother,
your grandfather and myself were left, you
know, in early life as orphans in the hands
of strangers, and although we had no claim
on them except that of helplessness, and
could only repsy their kindness by our
own exertions, we had no reason ever to
complain of harshness or ill-treatment
among our kind and simple people. I was
older than my brother, and as I grow up
to be a tall, handsome lass, the young men
of the village strove which could make
themselves most agreeable to the lighthearted and besutiful Ursula. I know it is
folly in me to talk so now, and you can
scarcely believe it, but eight years hence,
if you should live so long, your cheek may
be wrinkled and your eye bleared like
mine, so that your laughing boy will scarcely credit the tale of your former beauty."

"Heaven forbid!"

"And if not," resumed the crone, "the
change may be far more fearful—but where
was I? Ob—a merry romping lass of 18,
with blue eyes, fair curling looks and red,
ripe lips, admired by all the village, but
above all the favored choice of young Albert Wessenbery, the handsomest, noblest,
bravest being! I wish you could have seen
him, Mary, in all his pride of vast strength
and perfection of manly beauty. Words
cannot express the love with which I loved
him. A lifelong loneliness has proved it.
Weil, as I told you, I was his choice, and
consequently the envy of all my acquaintances, for no one thought of denying that
Albert Wessenbery was the pride of the
village. So powerful, so stately, so devoted to me. Weil, well, our wedding day
was fixed, and the reason why the soft,
clear sunshine and the sweet sounds in the
air have called up all these ol

clear sunshine and the sweet sounds in the air have called up all these old memories so freshly. He pressed me in his arma and bade me farewell till evening.

"I dreaded his going out to work that day, for there was dangerous duty to be done; but he went in spite of my entreaties, and from that hour to this I have never seen him return. I remember but dimly what followed. A stunning shock as it an avalanche had overwhelmed me. Death to him was worse than death to me. They told me he had perished in the mine. I know not whether they spoke truly. I have known nothing clearly since that time. I remember only that the light was removed from my path, and that the blackness of madness gathered round me for awhile. How long this lasted I know not. When I arose from my bed of sickness my heart I arose from my bed of sickness my heart and my flesh failed me, and I was as useless and decrepid as if years had passed over my head. Since that time I have struggled on through a long life of darkness and misery, dragging on a useless and tedious existence."

"Oh, say not useless, my good friend; have you not, while you had strength, given to others the happiness which fate denied

to you?"

"My brother gave me a home in his chimney corner, and here have I lived more years than I can count, and for what? God knows. Perhaps I may yet live to see Albert return. I cannot fancy him altered as I am. I cannot help longing to see him once more as he was of old. Vain as the hope may seem to you, that hope has been the only happiness I have known since he left me, the only hope. Of what other use am I in the world? Why should I live? What other use's what other hope?"

So speaking and shaking her palsied head, she relapsed into her former half-conscious state, occasionally muttering words to she relapsed into her former half-conscious state, occasionally muttering words to which her young companion listened with strained attention, but she could hear no more, neither did she succeed in again rousing the old woman from her spathy. The artist sauntered idly onward until he reached the mines. Here finding that the reflection of the noon-tide brilliancy from the crystals was painful to the eyes, he de-scended into one of the deepest excavations. the crystals was painful to the eyes, he de-acended into one of the deepest excavations, where he found his acquaintance of the morning and a fellow laborer at work. The day's work was a heavy one, for they were opening a communication between the mines, and in heaving up the massive rocks there was great danger of being buried alive beneath their crumbling weight. Such there has often harmored.

alive beneath their crumbling weight. Such things had often happened.
"Here is a mass which requires more strength than we can furnish," said Philip, and he shouted for help.

The desired assistance arrived, and after an hour's severe labor, the huge rock was heaved upward. This removal disclosed a solid stantum of the sait for which they were tolling, but the attainment of the object of their labor called forth no expression of pleasure from the beholders, for the attention of every one was riveted upon a strange and unlooked for apparition.

Extended upon this singular couch lay the form of a young man, apparently not more

form of a young man, apparently not more than 20 years of age; his limbs were ex-quisitely molded, and he looked as if but yeaterday he had been hushed in the deep sleep of death. It was evident to the minds of all that many years must have elapsed since the being they had thus disinterred had been overwhelmed with destruction in attempting to move that massive weight; for many years had passed since that por-tion of the mine had been worked upon. But

for many years had been worked upon. But was his destruction instantaneous? or did he linger on, day after day, in vain hope for the help that came not? How long had that crystallized rock been his mausoleum? Who was he? Where were his kindred? Here was a wide field for conjecture. Could no one remember that form, which might have passed for a sculptured image of Antinous? But stranger than all this, the body seemed utterly untouched by the hand of time. The very pliability of the fleah remained. Destruction had passed harmlessly by that glorious form, and decomposition had not come near it. There he lay—he, whose existence none could remember, lifelike, and beautiful—embalmed, as it were, in the solid rock. The sinewy and rounded limbs told of the strength and beauty which had once been theirs, and the long black hair curied wildly over the clay cold face and narvaless shoulders. He was in his ordinary.

Every farmer knows the folly of robbing his lands of virtue and strength without restoring snything, but the same man may rob

mining was, an by on space and pickar beside him gave evidence of his final and faial occupation.

The body was removed and laid upon the thick green sward for further inspection, and pernaps recognition. The news apread rapidly, and the inhabitants quickly crowded around. None recoilected him, although some of the cidest among them told stories of such an accident which had happened when they were little children; but none could remember the circumstances. After a while a general murmur broke from the crowd, for they beheld their oldest villager, Dame Ursula, approach with tottering and unsteady steps, leaning on the arm of a handsome young woman. Not the exhumation of the lifelike corpse itself produced greater sensation among them than the appearance of the living spectre—for such the old woman appeared, baving news loft her home for more than twenty years.

"Jesu, Mar's—the Saints save us," were school around her as the crowd respectfully made way for her to advance.

made way for her to advance.

hhe passed on slowly and with difficulty
until she reached the stiff white figure of the
dead miner. Then throwing herself upon the

dead miner. Then throwing herself upon the grass beaids him she passed her withered long fingers through his hair and pressed it hack from his pale brow.

"It is he, it is he—Albert Wessenbery," she murmured; "and it was for this I have been spared through long years of loneliness and wretchedness—long, long years—is knew not why I lived. It was for this, for this, that I might see him once more, once more in all his unearthly beauty, in his unmatched perfection, that I might see and know that time has not marred, nor decay changed, nor the worm defiled the being I have idolized for nearly a century. Spared too to rejoice that my own Albert cannot behold the change which time and life have wrought in a form he once loved so well. To him these withered arms and lips are welcome as if they yet retained their former loveliness. He will not reject his early love for her age and sickness and unsightlessness. To him, therefore, I devote the remainder of my existence. Here I will fulfill the vows of love and constancy plighted in the springtime of life!"

She beat her head as she spoke and im-

Seven days afterward they buried in the same grave the superannuated woman and her youthful lover. The constancy of a lifetime was rewarded, for she was permitted to rest her aged and hoary head upon the manly and unaltered breast of him she had loved so long and well. Turf and flowers sprung up as green and free shove their grave as if they had always been young and beautiful and happy. Many a garland of young flowers and the more lasting wreaths of the amaranth were hung upon that grave; and the names of Ursula and Albert, rudely aculptured on the gray stone which covered them, formed their only oblivary, save the memory which survives in the hearts of the villagers.

A Household Treasure, that he would not be without it, if procur and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

A Woman's Revenge. not infrequently upon a young widow. One day the pretty maid at the cloor an nonneed that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception room. While time he had ever been denied admitpassed through it she blurted out, "And she says, if you please, sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."-Illustrated

CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colic so bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. I bought a 25c bottle and both baby and myself now have sweet and refreshing eleep. I also find Dr. H.nd's Pleasant Physic of great benefit to myself and child.

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An average of five feet of water is es timated to fall annually over the whole of the earth's surface. Assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, the force of evaporation necessary to supply moisture for such a prodigious rainfall must be equal to the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet every minute, day and night, during the entire year. To supply this enormous amount of moisture a stratum of the entire ocean surface of the globe not less than 7% feet thick must be taken up by the clouds and returned to earth once each 365 days. St. Louis Republic.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhose of long standing to have been permanently cured by t-king Chamb rlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrhose Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any othe rmedicine now on the market for bowel complaints," 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by D. J. Homphrey, Napoleon, Ohio, Im

though they had been subjected to a his nerve system of strength and vitality for that the lights keeps the trees awake his nerve system of strength and vitality for years and then wonder why disease has fastened on him. To all such unthinking well as any other thing in nature, and spendthrifts of nerve force. Dr. Wheeler's the lack of this rest causes the leaves Nerve Vitalizer comes as a friend to build to droop. This solution is probably up and revitalize the impoverished correct, as it has been noted that simnerves and restore health. Abundant nerve | ilar trees in the neighborhood of those

Soot water, made from the soot of wood fires, is said to be an excellent fer-tilizer of house or outdoor plants. The soot should be brushed down from the movement, one of them written by Genshimneys with a long handled brush, eral Halleck, chief of the staff, and the gathered into a quart bag and soaked in rainwater overnight. The water, black rainwater overnight. The water, black Halleck's letter contained a warning conched in this fashion: "In undertakmorning. To use about house plants it ing to place your command on the opposhould be considerably diluted. It has a tendency to bake the soil and can exercise extreme caution in affording easily be too strong for the little amount full protection to advance, rear and of earth in window box or pot. It is a flanks, in order that the enemy may not perfect destroyer of insects and worms be encouraged to make an attack while that sometimes infest house plants and your forces are separated in the act of may be used in such cases once or twice crossing." This was good advice. Lina week until they disappear.—New coln gave it to the same commander in

She Listened.

Miss C.'s portrait hung on the wall at the exhibition. Miss C. hung around her portrait. Miss C. had lips that an ablebodied man would walk five miles to kiss. Her eyes were twin stars. Upon her forehead hung two beautiful curls
—twin curls. Miss C. was delightful

She was immersed in the study of her catalogue. Of course she was not there to listen to the comments "Beautiful picture, isn't it?"

"Yes; I wonder if it's true to life?" "I don't know. It's awfully pretty "It is pretty. The features are per-

feet, but I don't think she looks very intelligent." Miss C., with a crimson face, slapped her book shut and walked away.-

New York World.

The finne, but Different.

the note which he wrote to him, but this was the form in which he expressed it: "Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on a fence, neither able to hook with your herns nor kick with your hoofs."

British Cart Horses,

MEN We will send you the won-derful and unfailing Span-ish remedy, Dr. Gromez's "GRAENCIO," The British cart horse's descent can be traced from the great horse originally imported from Flanders and Lombardy, FREE BY MAIL SECURELY Not a recipe, but the medicine itself, guaranteed to stop wasting dreams and drains and to cure lost power and the desire of evil habits, impotency, and restore lost vitality. USE IT AND PAY IF SATISFIED. Ad. DR. GROMEZ CO., San Diego Building CHICAGO. but much improved since those days by judicious crossing and careful selection of parents. The Stuarts first introduced quality, but size was wanting, for when William III ascended the throne and sought to drain the Lincolnshire fens he found that the British cart horse of this date was not strong enough for the tasks imposed upon him. Consequently he imported large Dutch horses, the old Lincolnshire Blacks.

The Dukes of Ancaster also brought Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Recoedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend it to all. I have also seen it used for whooning cough, with the best re ults." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O. Im over to this country similar breeds from

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tent Workmen. CALL AND SEE US.

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DISCOLOPED DADED

the vows of love and constancy plighted in the springtime of life!"
She bent her head as she spoke and im-printed with bloodless lips a kins upon his her white hair streamed down and mingled with his raven tresses, her long skinny fingers warm with life pressed the cold marble hand of the dead.

Strange union of youth and age, beauty and deformity, life and death!

Seven days afterward they buried in the same grave the superanousted woman and

D. W. Fuller, of Canajobarie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discov ery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; able, G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years

A man of the world was wont to call she carried his card up the stairs he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar, and her cap was as stiff and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman when the maid returned and announced promptly: "Mrs. - is not receiving." The mar of the world bit his lip-it was the first tance-and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he

American. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio.

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